



Our  
Antediluvian  
Ancestors

F. Opper



Naught new under the sun.

A. A. Brewer,

Norwich

Conn.

N. S. F.



OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS



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“What’s that thing young Skinclothes has there?”

“He calls it an auto-something-or-other;—made it himself. He goes tearing along at over three miles an hour on it. Some of the old fogies talk of having him arrested for exceeding the speed limit.”

[*Frontispiece.*]



OUR  
ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS

BY  
F. OPPER

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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*IN PREPARATION*

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JOHN BULL

BY F. OPPER

*UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME*

**Seven Shillings and Sixpence**

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## PREFACE

IN that dim time which we call Prehistoric, the ordinary man, clothed sometimes with a bear-skin, and sometimes only with a little brief authority, as he walked about, or sat in front of his cave, probably thought of a number of things. And it seems to me that his thoughts must have been very similar to those of the average man of to-day. He, doubtless, considered whether his wife was taking proper care of the dwelling and the children, whether his meals were well cooked, whether he could get the better of some neighbour in a stone-hatchet trade, and whether he could get even with some other neighbour against whom he had a grudge. In fact, the ordinary man's mind, I am convinced, worked then as it works now, and was occupied with the same interests, desires, and emotions.

I have tried to embody, therefore, in these pictures of the sayings and doings of "Our Antediluvian Ancestors" this belief of mine, that although everything else in the world changes constantly, Human Nature has not changed, is not changing, and will never change.

These drawings were first printed in the *New York Evening Journal*. I wish to thank the proprietor, Mr. W. R. Hearst, for his appreciative encouragement in their production, and for his kind permission to republish them in this form.



F. Oppenheimer





ILLUSTRATION NUMBER ONE

“What are they doing with Mr. Flintspear?”

“Poor fellow, they’re taking him to an asylum. That’s a model of a boat he’s been making. He says that in eleven or twelve thousand years men will be sailing things like that, and calling it the greatest sport on earth.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWO

“Stonehammer is an enterprising fellow, isn't he?”

“What's he doing now?”

“He's starting what he calls a 'newspaper.' He's going to get out a copy every year.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THREE

“Who are those hungry looking fellows?”

“Mrs. Stonehatchet is running what she calls a ‘boarding cave,’ and those are her boarders.”

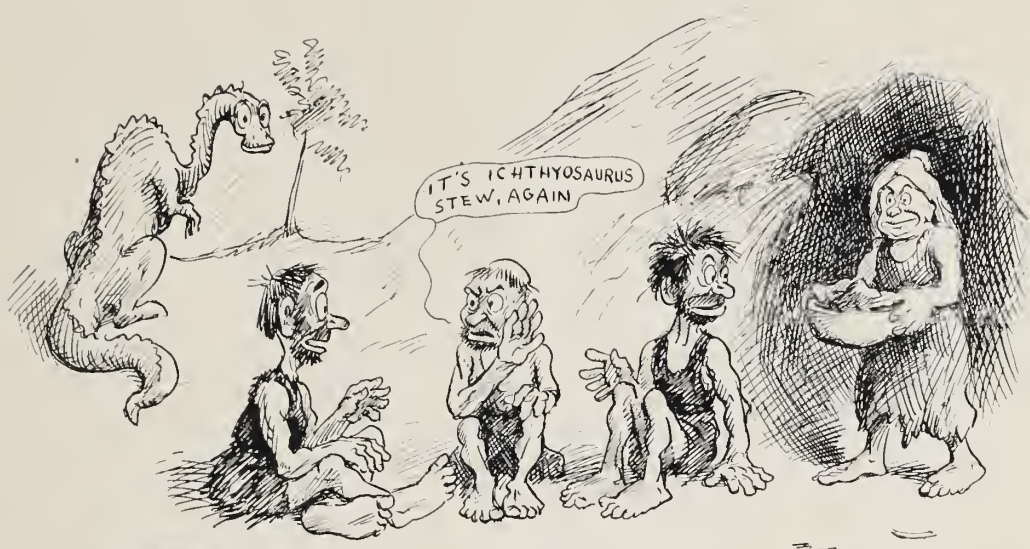








ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FOUR

“I tell you, Stonehatchet has remarkable presence of mind.”

“How so?”

“Why, in a couple of minutes he’ll be eaten by that Runkosaurus, and he’s making his will.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FIVE

“This is the third time I’ve seen Skinclothes chased by a Runkosaurus lately. Why doesn’t he keep away from them?”

“He does it on purpose. He’s trying to reduce his weight.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER SIX

“What’s Flintspear carving on that rock?”

“He’s getting up what he calls a ‘Society Directory of Cliffville,’ and everybody’s crazy to be in it. They’re bringing him stone hatchets and bearskins by the dozen.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER SEVEN

“What’s the matter there?”

“Stonehatchet has started what he calls a ‘Painless Dentistry Cave.’  
He’s doing a big business.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER EIGHT

“What’s the joke, Stonechips? ’

“Look at that Brontosaurus! It tried to attack my mother-in-law!”

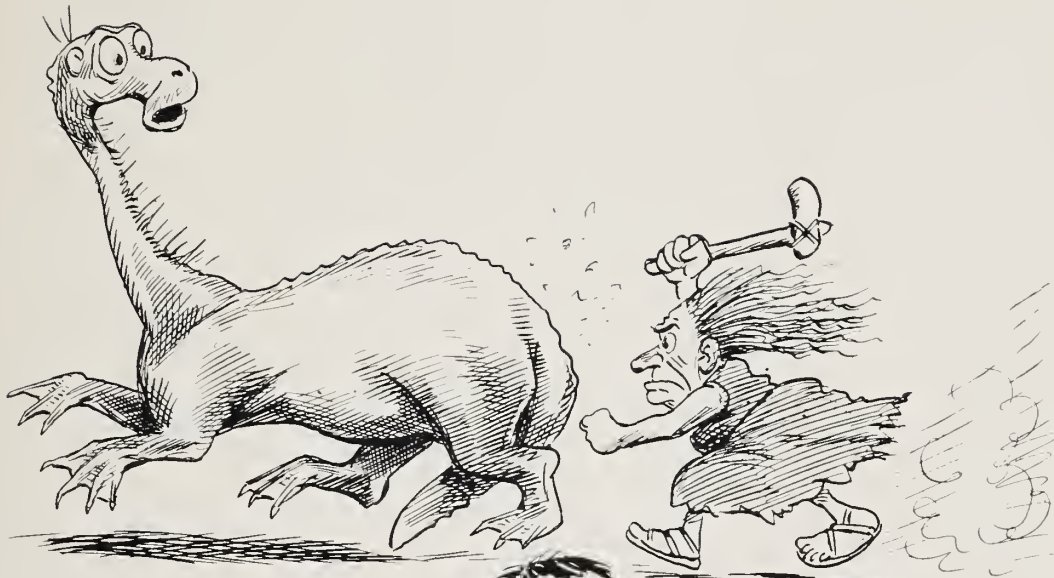






ILLUSTRATION NUMBER NINE

“What’s going on down there?”

“That’s the Cliffville Hunt Club after a Dinotherium. They ride some of the finest two-toed horses in the country!”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TEN

“What are you laughing at?”

“Look at Skinclothes. He used to say before he married that he'd like to see the woman who could boss HIM.”







## ILLUSTRATION NUMBER ELEVEN

“What’s the matter with Stonehatchet and Flintspear? They seem to be in trouble.”

“Trouble? I should think so! They’ve been acting as judges at the Cliffville Baby Show, and they gave the first prize to that curly-headed baby over there.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWELVE

“ I see Stonehatchet’s theory didn’t work.”

“ What was that? ”

“ Why, he claimed that the fiercest Brontosaurus could be subdued by the power of the human eye, and he said he was going to try it.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTEEN

“What’s the matter with Stoneclub?”

“He ordered some roast Dinosaurus in Bonescraper’s restaurant an hour ago, and it hasn’t come yet.”



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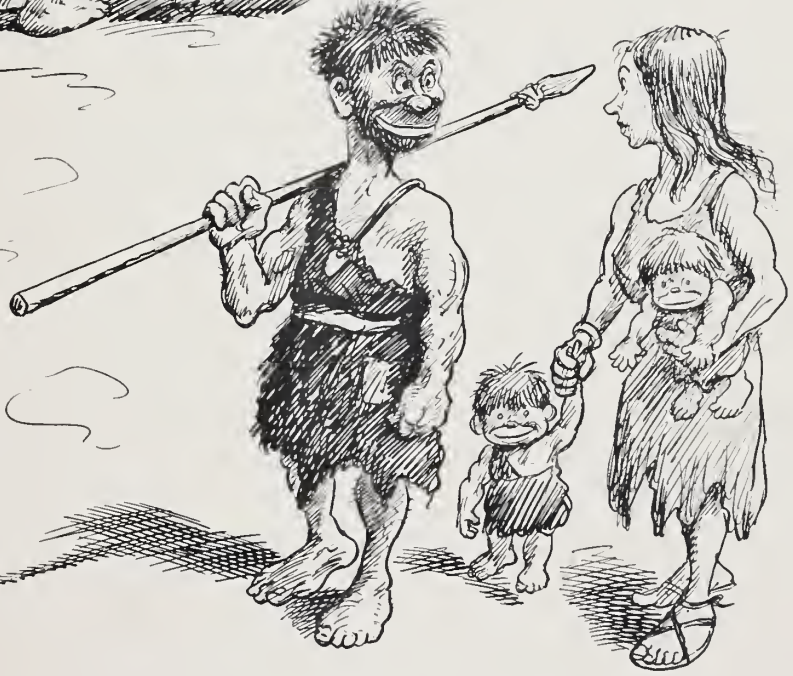








ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FOURTEEN

“That Miss Skinclad is a smart girl.”

“What makes you think so?”

“Why, she’s opened what she calls a ‘Manicure Cave’—look at the business she’s doing.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FIFTEEN

“Skinclothes is the most humane man in Cliffville.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. He’s started a ‘Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pre-historic Animals.’ There he is now, arresting Bonescraper for beating his tame Dinosaurus.”









## ILLUSTRATION NUMBER SIXTEEN

“Why are those bearskins and stone bowls and things spread out in front of the Bonescrapers’ cave?”

“They’re Miss Bonescraper’s wedding presents, and that’s a detective watching them. She’s going to be married to-morrow, you know. Those people are rolling in wealth.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER SEVENTEEN

“What’s that canopy in front of the Stonehatchets’ cave for?”

“Mrs. Stonehatchet is giving an afternoon reception. I tell you that woman’s affairs are the swellest things in Cliffville!”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER EIGHTEEN

“Poor Flintarrow has hard luck, hasn't he?”

“How so?”

“Why, his doctor ordered him to take sea baths for his health, and every time he tries it he is chased out by one of those Runkosauruses.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER NINETEEN

“What’s young Bearhunt looking so gloomy about?”

“Oh, Miss Moundbuilder gave him a lock of her hair, and he’s just found out that she did the same thing for those three other fellows.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY

“What’s all the row about?”

“Why, you know Old Bonescraper died the other day, and those are his heirs. They’re contesting the will.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

“For goodness sake, Skincoat, there’s one of those fierce Runkosauruses going into your cave!—it will eat up your whole family. What on earth are you laughing at?”

“Ha, ha, ha! There’s nobody at home but my mother-in-law!”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

“What’s Stonehatchet looking so satisfied about?”

“Oh, he’s been convicted of stealing a couple of bearskins, and his lawyer has just got Judge Cliffclimber to give him a stay of proceedings.”



A STAY OF PROCEEDINGS FOR MY CLIENT

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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

“Look at poor Skinclad; and yet, before he was married, he was one of the gayest dogs in Cliffville.”

“Yes. Great Mastodons, what a come-down!”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

“The Spearheads seem to be awfully good to that old uncle of theirs.”

“I should say so. Why, he owns two canoes, three stone hatchets, and half a dozen bearskins, and they’re his sole heirs.”



HAVE SOME OF THIS STEWED BRONTOSAURUS, UNCLE.

YOU CHILDREN KEEP QUIET AND DON'T DISTURB UNCLE

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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

“What are they chasing Stonehammer for?”

“Oh, he’s trying to get up a scheme to make everybody pay taxes.”





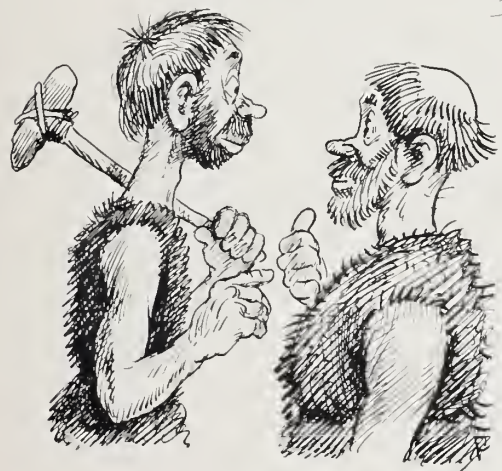




ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-SIX

“Why are all the women bringing things to eat to Old Bonescraper?”

“He has set up as a fortune teller and astrologer—they say the business he’s doing is something immense!”



Fopper





ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN

“I tell you the Cliffville Flats are simply the most luxurious caves in town; they’re always adding some modern improvement or other.”

“What is it now?”

“Why, just look at the elevator they’ve been putting in!”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

“What’s the matter with Mr. Skinclad?”

“He’s been under Dr. Stonehatchet’s care for some time, and the doctor is presenting his bill.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

“What’s Skinclothes doing there?”

“His wife is away from home on a visit, and he’s writing a two-page letter to her. He’s going to send it by that messenger boy. He’s a model husband.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY

“What is old Skinclothes swearing about? He seems to be frightfully mad.”

“Mad! I should say so! His daughter has just eloped with a young fellow who hasn't got a stone hatchet to his name, and he's got gout and can't chase them.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

“What ails old Mr. Stoneclub? He looks sick.”

“Oh, he’s a confirmed bachelor, and he can’t stand the talk of that new married Skinclthes couple in the next cave.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-TWO

“There’s Dusty Stonehatchet and Weary Skinclad around again.”

“Yes. Those fellows never did a day’s work in their lives. They ought to be chased out of Cliffville!”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

“Flinthatchet has been sitting out there in the cold all day. Why doesn't he go into his cave?”

“He can't; his wife is spring-cleaning.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR

“Stonehatchet and his wife seem to be having a frightful row.”

“I should say so! She just found a long red hair on his shoulder.”



MY DEAR, ITS  
A MASTODON  
HAIR

DONT TELL  
ME, YOU BRUTE,  
I KNOW BETTER

F. Opper





ILLUSTRATION NUMBER, THIRTY-FIVE

“Skinclothes is certainly a literary genius.”

“What’s he up to now?”

“He’s writing a book called ‘Prehistoric Animals I Have Known.’  
He’s got four chapters finished already!”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

“What are old Stonechips and his wife so excited about?”

“Why, that Mr. Flintscraper has been paying attention to their daughter for the last four years, and they’re in hopes that he’s about to propose.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN

“What’s going on here?”

“That’s the Prehistoric, our most exclusive club. I see the committee is blackballing Stonehatchet.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT

“What’s he making that picture on the rock for?”

“He’s been fishing, and he’s showing the size of a sabre-tooth shark that bit his hook but got away.”



F. Ober





ILLUSTRATION NUMBER THIRTY-NINE

“What’s that rumpus next door?”

“Oh, young Skinhunter persists in paying attention to Miss Stonehatchet, and her father is kicking him out.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY

“What seems to be the trouble between Skinclothes and his wife?”

“Oh, he’s telling her she can’t make Dinosaurus pot-pie half as well as his mother used to.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-ONE

“Confound it, how can a fellow paint a landscape when all those things keep getting in the way?”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-TWO

“Look at old Mr. Cliffclimber! It’s perfectly horrible, isn’t it?”

“Yes. He lost his first wife only six months ago, and here he is taking a second.”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-THREE

“I see it wasn’t accepted.”

“What wasn’t accepted?”

“Stonescratcher’s poem on ‘Spring’—he just submitted it to the editor of the *Cliffville Hatchet*.”









ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-FOUR

“What’s the trouble, Bearhunt? You look down in the mouth.”

“Triplets!”







ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-FIVE

“What are those funny looking pictures old Moundbuilder is drawing on that rock?”

“Oh, he’s crazy. He believes that in a few hundred thousand years men and women will look like that. They talk of putting him into an asylum.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-SIX

“I wonder why all the single women are after young Bonecarver?”

“Haven't you heard? By the terms of his father's will he gets a fine big cave, eleven bearskins and over a hundred flint arrow heads. He's the greatest catch in Cliffville!”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN

“What’s his wife beating him for?”

“She scratched a letter to her mother on a bone, and he forgot to deliver it.”



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ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT

“ Hello, Cavedwell, what are you washing those dishes for? ”

“ Our cook has left, and I have to help with the housework till we can get another.”

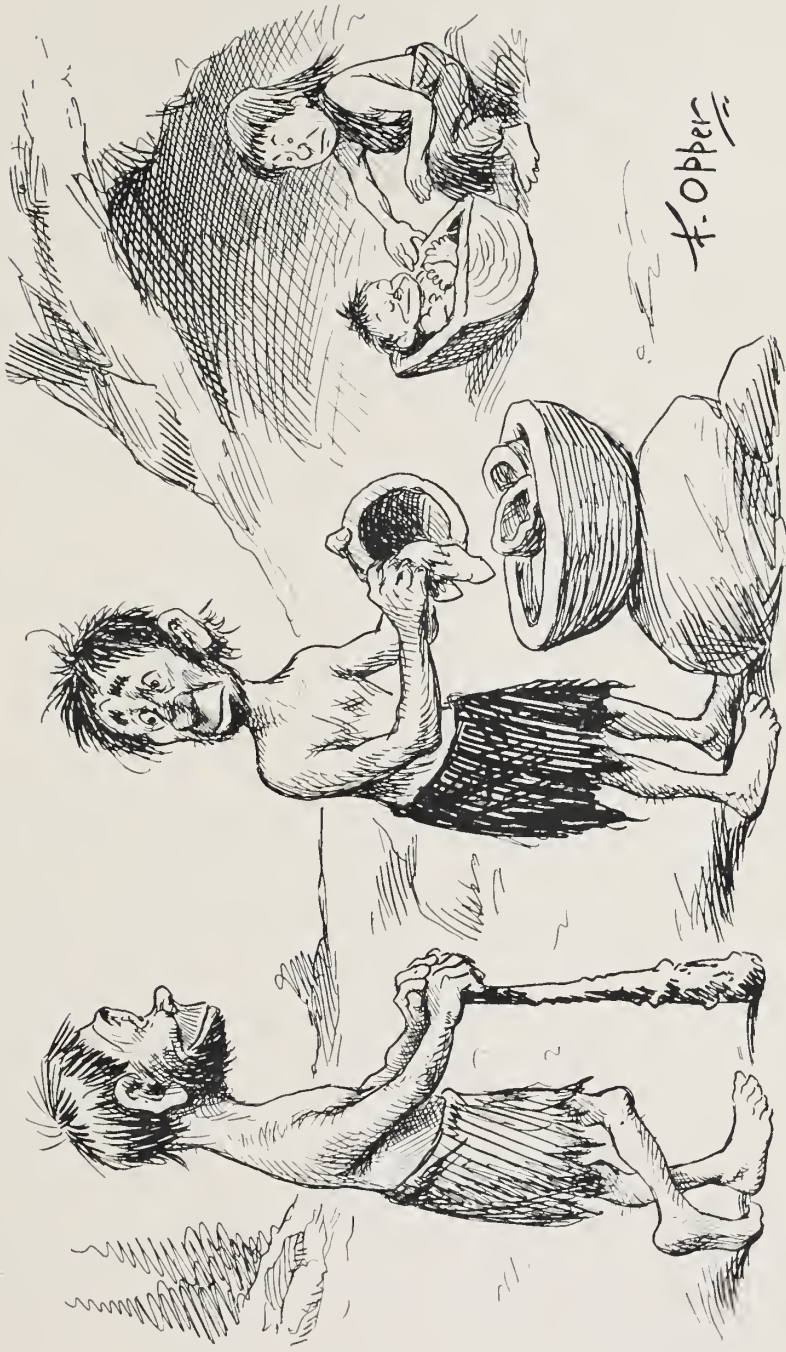






ILLUSTRATION NUMBER FORTY-NINE

“What makes those fellows look so sleepy?”

“Oh, Old Skinclothes invited them to a roast Brontosaurus feast, and he’s making one of his long after-dinner speeches.”



I AM REMINDED  
OF AN AMUSING  
STORY I HEARD  
SOME YEARS AGO

F. Oppen









Special

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